

# THE EXAMINER.

"PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOLUME II.

THE EXAMINER;  
a weekly, on Jefferson St., next door to the Post Office.

TERMS.  
TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE,  
SIX COPIES FOR TEN DOLLARS.

PAUL SEYMOUR,  
PUBLISHER.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

The Condition of Eastern Virginia.

In the counties of Virginia which lie on the Atlantic, a condition of things exists which we are not surprised should excite apprehension and anxiety on the part of the white inhabitants. It is thus stated in a communication which appears in the Richmond Enquirer of Tuesday:

In the districts, "from the sea coast to the head of tide-water," and "from the head of tide-water to the Blue Ridge," being at the said portion of the State, the increase in the population of 1820 to 1830 was 259 whites, "with a population in 1830 of 275,657, being an increase of but 1-6 per cent. of free negroes for the same length of time, increase of 1,447, being at rates of 1-3 per cent. and of slaves, decrease of 22,066, a decrease at rates of more than 1-2 per cent.; showing an increase of free negroes of more than double the whites, in proportion to numbers."

The following is the proportion in Mecklenburg:

	Whites.	Free col'd.	Slaves.
In 1830,	7,471	802	12,117
In 1849,	7,754	1,055	11,915

Showing increase, 288, 246 decrease, 202 being at the rate of 2-3 per cent. of whites, 3 per cent. of free negroes, and decrease of 1-6 per cent. on slaves; and according to this ratio, we shall now have in Mecklenburg, at the end of the year 1848, whites, 8,069, free colored, 1,344, and slaves, 11,735; and though it may be the work of years, yet the conclusion is inevitable, that unless incipient steps are taken for their removal, the whites will be forced from necessity to reduce the number of free negroes, or be subjected to the greatest inconvenience and annoyance arising from living in the midst of a large and unprincipled population.

The conclusion might be stated in strong terms than are used by the author of the communication, and somewhat different ones. If the same causes continue to operate as are now active in Eastern Virginia, the free colored population will finally largely outnumber the white population; the planters will find themselves surrounded, overrun and plundered by a race of men to whom they allow no political, and but limited civil rights, and the discomfort and danger of their situation will be much greater than it could be in a purely slaveholding community.

We have said "if" these causes continue to operate—but we need not have used language implying any uncertainty; these causes must continue to operate. The circumstances of the country favor their activity. The propensity to emigration which is a characteristic of our countrymen, is stimulated more and more every year by the new facilities of travel and transportation, and the new regions opened to colonization. That the whites of Eastern Virginia should not increase in number, or should increase very slowly, is a necessary consequence, the more adventurous of the planters remove to the rich valley of the Mississippi, or to the new state of Texas—they remove and take their gangs of black men with them. The young men who do not belong to this class of capitalists, seek their fortunes somewhere in the broad West, the whole extent of which lies before them. That the number of slaves, in Eastern Virginia, should annually diminish, is equally to be expected. The lands of that region are worn out, and it is more for the interest of the planter, to emigrate with them to Texas, or to sell them to the southwestern settlements, than to employ them as workmen on an unproductive soil. That the free blacks, in the meantime, should increase, in what appears to the planters a most inconvenient disproportion, is no less the natural result of the circumstances in which they are placed.

They have neither opportunities nor inducements to emigrate; they remain in their old haunts and multiply. These facts are in substance acknowledged by the writer of the communication in the Richmond Enquirer, thus:

So long as we shall have a country more desirable for the poor to live in, than the one he is born in, on the other side of the Atlantic, and under similar circumstances, will continue to come and settle among us. We are not displeased to witness their opportunity to better their condition. We rather rejoice that there is one green spot on the globe where most of the rights of humanity are recognized, and adequately protected for the equal benefit and enjoyment of all men.

The exception to this universality of privilege cannot long endure the light of partial liberty, and the force of moral power, so omnipotent to expose and put down the wrongs of suffering humanity. Two hundred and twelve thousand negro slaves always hold in their bondage three millions of rational human beings. The elevation of the race may be retarded in its progress, by the obstinacy and mistaken selfishness of the few, who lord it over the many; but the triumph of right and justice over wrong and injustice, is certain in the end. We must soon have a population of one hundred millions of self-governing and happy people.

There would seem to be a case here for Senator Foote to exercise himself upon, without waiting for Senator Hale to visit Mississippi.

Missouri, too, seems to have experienced a corresponding "change of public opinion." The *Platte Argus*, a democratic journal, which was devoted to the support of the Baltimore nominee, during the late election, flings him and his opinions to the winds, and thus proclaims its intention to the world.

The report concludes with an historical account of the origin of the post-office institution, in this and in foreign countries, and is very happy in proving that our Government was the first to admit, unconditionally, the principle that this institution is created for the accommodation of the citizens and not the Government.

It appears, in conclusion, that the mail is much less used in this country than in England or France, though our post-office provisions are greater. This is ascribed to the higher rates of postage, and the defective machinery of our system.

*Lou. Journal.*

The *Secret of Warm Feet.* Many of the colds which people are said to catch commence at the feet. To keep those extremities constantly warm, therefore, is to effect an insurance against the almost interminable list of disorders which spring out from "sight cold," and of telling people what they know already, I beg to remind them of the following simple rules:

First. Never be tightly shod. Boots or shoes, when they fit closely, press against the veins of the foot, and prevent the free circulation of the blood. When, on the contrary, they do not embrace the feet tightly, the blood gets fair play and the spaces left between the leather and the stockings are filled with a comfortable supply of warm air.

Those who have handsome feet will, perhaps, be slow to adopt this diet; but they are urgently recommended to sacrifice a little neatness to a great deal of comfort and safety, by wearing what the makers call easy shoes.

Second. Never sit in damp shoes. It is often imagined, that unless they be positively wet, it is not necessary to change them when the feet are at rest. This is a fallacy, for when the least dampness is absorbed into the sole, it is attracted further to the foot itself by its own heat, and thus perspiration is dangerously checked.

Any person may prove this by trying the experiment of neglecting the rule, and his feet will feel cold and damp after a few minutes; although, on taking off the shoe and examining it, it will appear to be perfectly dry.

Did every one follow these rules, there would be no more cold feet.

*Not on Temperance.*

It is true that the Queen and Prince Albert are overcometh all things, and is now dominant, and sit upon a sphinx, and looketh unto Memphis and old Thebes; while his sister oblivion, reclineth semi-somnous on a pyramid gloriously triumphing, making puzzles of Titania's erections, and turning old glories into dreams. History sinketh beneath her cloud. The traveler, as he passeth amazedly through those deserts, asketh of her who builded them, and one innumblytheth something, but what it is he heareth not.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

*SELECT GOOD STOCK.*—A great hindrance to the increase of good stock, arises from the farmer not being aware of the difference in the quality between one breed and another. It is argued that "cows are bad and cowards," and that if they are well kept and carefully bred, they would be as good as any others.—*R. Jardine.*

*DESTROY ANT HILLS.*—Cut them up entirely, both above and below ground, and haul them to a heap to form a wall, by mixing them with unslacked lime, which may again be reduced to the pasture or field in the form of manure.

*A BETTER PLOWHORSE.*—The cheapest commodity ever used by a farmer.—*Cobett.*

LOUISVILLE, KY.: SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1849.

WHOLE NUMBER 83.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

**CORPORATION.**—One of the theological students from Lane Seminary, recently labored three months as a coopter in Kentucky. During that time he visited 63 families, and found about 80 of them destitute of religious books. He sold \$290 worth of publications, and gave books and tracts valued at nearly \$40, and received with uniform kindness and hospitality. He writes, "especially where the operations of the Society were known, I found a house and friends, and kind treatment, which will not soon be forgotten. The books seemed to be just what the people wanted. Many persons on the verge of life, who had not heard of Baxter or Bunyan for many years, were delighted to see them at their doors. 'The are all the books I have been wanting for my family for a long time,' said one, 'but I did not know what to inquire for. I do not think I should have had them for years, but they are what I want for myself and children, and I will take three or four dollars' worth. I can safely say,' continues the coopter, "that \$20 worth of books would not have been sold, where I have sold \$400, if people had been obliged to send to book stores for them. Yet they wanted more than I sold, and stopped purchasing only when their funds were exhausted."

**PREMIUMS TO WRITERS.**—At the close of the year 1848 a complete set of the volumes of the American Tract Society will be awarded to the writer of the best article on each of the following topics:

1. The best authentic narrative, suited to lead the impotent to the cross.

2. The best article on the duty of individual Christian effort for the salvation of souls.

3. The best article on novel-reading.

4. The best religious anecdote.

The directors of the Madison and Indianapolis railroads have ordered that all their cars, whether for passengers, freight, or otherwise, shall cease running on the Sabbath.

**DOCTORS IN DIVINITY.**—Some one interested in gathering statistics has furnished to the Presbyterian Advocate a list of Doctors in Divinity made during the year, as follows:

Whole number 60. Foreigners, 10; Old School Presbyterians, 11; New School, 8; Congregationalists, 6; Unitarians, 2; Episcopalians, 3; Methodists, 9; Baptists, 4; Lutherans, 1.

Of the 50 Americans, 34 are graduates of 28 different colleges.

**BETTER NEWS FROM PERU.**—A letter dated Mais, Nov. 1st, just received in this city, announces the receipt of letters from this city via London, in twenty days, and that the Nestorian bishop, Mar. Simon, who so violently persecuted Mar Yohannan, and excommunicated him from the church, has fled from the plain of Oromiah to the mountains of Koordistan, in Turkey.

**METHODIST MISSION CHURCHES.**—We perceive by the Western Christian Advocate, that there is likely to be trouble with respect to the jurisdiction and rights of the Methodist Churches, North and South, among the Indian Missions, west of Missouri. An attempt has been made, it seems, to force the Wyandots into the Southern organization against the desire of a large majority of the nation.

The clergymen of Boston are preaching on the gold fever. Rev. Mr. Frothingham took the text—John xii., 25: "Then shall they lay up gold as dust, and the gold of Ophir, as the stones of the brooks," and the Rev. Dr. Putnam the text from Proverbs, "How much better is it to get wisdom than gold!"

**AGRICULTURAL.**

From the American Agriculturist.

**THE CELT IN FRANCE.**

The Celtic race has never been free.—They understand not the meaning of the word liberty, civil and religious liberty.

Few men of any race, it is true, understand rational liberty; but look at the Celts in France. In a day he crushes a powerful dynasty; chases it, and its cloud of couriers and placemen from Gaul. Does he advance in the least toward civil and religious liberty? Not in the least, not a single step.

During successive tyrannies, the Celts in France and her industrial enterprises, have been crushed down by three internal engines; the Conscript Law, the Bureau of the Internal Police, and Postoffice; the Law of Passports. Any one of these is in itself sufficient to destroy the liberties of any nation. They are, in fact, utterly incompatible with liberty; yet, in France, I never heard from this extraordinary race of men a single voice raised against their continuance.

**DR. KNOX (Medical Times).**

**SHARING OR CLIPPING HORSES.**—We have seen specimens of this recently in the city, that would quite astonish the naturalized. A long-haired, shabby-looking beast, after being a few hours under the hands of the shearers, comes out with a close, smooth, shining coat, quite to the taste of the admirers of Ophir's flesh. There are some advantages in this practice irrespective of the looks. The horse does not sweat so easily, and when once wet, it dries more readily, and the tendency to colds is thereby materially lessened.

**COMPOSITION OF BONES.**—Nearly two thirds of the weight of recent bones is earthy matter, principally carbonate and phosphate of lime; the other third consists of a peculiar animal substance called *gelatin*, some oil, and a variable quantity of mucus. For practical purposes, however, we may take one-half the weight of the bones, and the phosphate of lime may be taken, on an average of 50 per cent., or one-half of the fresh bones.

**GIACINTO.**—WHY ITS VALUE COULD NOT BE OVERSTATED.

The wisdom of the Creator, says a distinguished anatomist, is in nothing seen more glorious than in the heart. And how well does it serve its office!

An anatomist who understood its structure, might say beforehand that it would play, but, from the complexity of mechanism and the delicacy of many of its parts, he must be apprehensive that it would always be liable to derangement, and that it would soon work itself out.

Yet does this action for its length of time, gradually lower, by means of the hydraulic presses which raise it, on to a bed of red and white lead, spread over the creosoted timber, which equalises the weight on the cast iron bed plates and rollers, to allow for the constantly varying length of the tube from changes of temperature. The tube is now in use for the transit of the trains.

**ENGLISH PAPER.**

**THE CELT IN FRANCE.**

They understand not the meaning of the word liberty, civil and religious liberty.

Few men of any race, it is true, understand rational liberty; but look at the Celts in France. In a day he crushes a powerful dynasty; chases it, and its cloud of couriers and placemen from Gaul. Does he advance in the least toward civil and religious liberty? Not in the least, not a single step.

During successive tyrannies, the Celts in France and her industrial enterprises, have been crushed down by three internal engines; the Conscript Law, the Bureau of the Internal Police, and Postoffice; the Law of Passports. Any one of these is in itself sufficient to destroy the liberties of any nation. They are, in fact, utterly incompatible with liberty; yet, in France, I never heard from this extraordinary race of men a single voice raised against their continuance.

**DR. KNOX (Medical Times).**

**WONDERFUL STRUCTURE OF THE HEART.**

The wisdom of the Creator, says a distinguished anatomist, is in nothing seen more glorious than in the heart. And how well does it serve its office!

An anatomist who understood its structure, might say beforehand that it would play, but, from the complexity of mechanism and the delicacy of many of its parts, he must be apprehensive that it would always be liable to derangement, and that it would soon work itself out.

Yet does this action for its length of time, gradually lower, by means of the hydraulic presses which raise it, on to a bed of red and white lead, spread over the creosoted timber, which equalises the weight on the cast iron bed plates and rollers, to allow for the constantly varying length of the tube from changes of temperature. The tube is now in use for the transit of the trains.

**ENGLISH PAPER.**

**THE CELT IN FRANCE.**

They understand not the meaning of the word liberty, civil and religious liberty.

Few men of any race, it is true, understand rational liberty; but look at the Celts in France. In a day he crushes a powerful dynasty; chases it, and its cloud of couriers and placemen from Gaul. Does he advance in the least toward civil and religious liberty? Not in the least, not a single step.

During successive tyrannies, the Celts in France and her industrial enterprises, have been crushed down by three internal engines; the Conscript Law, the Bureau of the Internal Police, and Postoffice; the Law of Passports. Any one of these is in itself sufficient to destroy the liberties of any nation. They are, in fact, utterly incompatible with liberty; yet, in France, I never heard from this extraordinary race of men a single voice raised against their continuance.

**DR. KNOX (Medical Times).**

**WONDERFUL STRUCTURE OF THE HEART.**

The wisdom of the Creator, says a distinguished anatomist, is in nothing seen more glorious than in the heart. And how well does it serve its office!

An anatomist who understood its structure, might say beforehand that it would play, but, from the complexity of mechanism and the delicacy of many of its parts, he must be apprehensive that it would always be liable to derangement, and that it would soon work itself out.

Yet does this action for its length of time, gradually lower, by means of the hydraulic presses which raise it, on to a bed of red and white lead, spread over the creosoted timber, which equalises the weight on the cast iron bed plates and rollers, to allow for the constantly varying length of the tube from changes of temperature. The tube is now in use for the transit of the trains.

**ENGLISH PAPER.**

**THE CELT IN FRANCE.**

They understand not the meaning of the word liberty, civil and religious liberty.

Few men of any race, it is true, understand rational liberty; but look at the Celts in France. In a day he crushes a powerful dynasty; chases it, and its cloud of couriers and placemen from Gaul. Does he advance in the least toward civil and religious liberty? Not in the least, not a single step.

During successive tyrannies, the Celts in France and her industrial enterprises, have been crushed down by three internal engines; the Conscript Law, the Bureau of the Internal Police, and Postoffice; the Law of Passports. Any one of these is in itself sufficient to destroy the liberties of any nation. They are, in fact, utterly incompatible with liberty; yet, in France, I never heard from this extraordinary race of men a single voice raised against their continuance.

**DR. KNOX (Medical Times).**

**WONDERFUL STRUCTURE OF THE HEART.**

# THE EXAMINER.

F. COSBY,  
JOHN H. HEYWOOD,  
NOBLE BUTLER,

EDITORS.

LOUISVILLE: JAN. 13, 1849.

We send, occasionally, a number of the EXAMINER to persons who are not subscribers, in the hope, that by a perusal of it, they may be induced to subscribe.

Sermon by Rev. M. Curtis.

We were favored recently with a copy of this well-written discourse, for which we return our thanks to the writer. We are always glad to see discussions of slavery when conducted in so good a spirit as the one before us. The interests of humanity demand that this subject should have the light of Christianity freely upon it; and the interests of Christianity demand that her ministers should speak boldly and with wisdom.

Another Laborer in the Field.

The Richmond Chronicle is now publishing a series of articles, over the signature of "Ulmus de Hobe," in behalf of emancipation, in which many striking facts and strong thoughts are well presented. We rejoice to see that the papers in the interior of the State are opening their columns to the discussion of this great subject—a subject involving so many and so important interests. We wonder that any editor can be silent upon such a subject. Surely there cannot be a man in Kentucky, who has charge of a newspaper, who has not thought upon emancipation, and come to some conclusions. Why not speak them, and speak freely? If emancipation be an evil, let it be opposed, heartily opposed; if a good, let it be as heartily espoused.

Opinions of Distinguished Men.

If slavery is what some of its advocates represent it to be, why have not its merits been discovered by those men whose opinions we are accustomed to reverence? Why have not the great poets celebrated its praises? Why has it never furnished inspiration to the bard? For everything that is excellent in nature and art a poet has been found, but where is the poet of slavery? Poets have been inspired by the loveliness of "the mountain nymph, sweet Liberty," but who has been enamored of Slavery, the ghoul that feeds upon the dead in the dark valleys? It is true that poets have sung of slavery, but they have sung of it as they have done of war, famine, and pestilence. When the soul is filled with high and noble feelings, it looks upon slavery with abhorrence and disgust. Songs inspired by freedom have nerve the arm to deeds of daring, and roused whole nations to enthusiasm; but where is the Tyrolean that would attempt to rouse a nation by making slavery his theme?

If slavery were so divine an institution—so fraught with blessings, as mankind as it is represented by its advocates, it would be well calculated to inspire the poet as is freedom, or virtue, or peace. The muse might be invoked to celebrate the music of the clanking chains, or the mighty conquests of the driver's lash. The pleasant scenes that occur in the hold of the slave ship would afford a delightful theme for the comic muse, and the separation of husbands and wives might be sung as glorious examples of benevolence. The humanity of the captain of the slave ship, and the disinterestedness of the slave trader, who braves obloquy and contempt for the good of the slave, would be grand subjects. Some Aksenis would present such men as the grandest examples of the moral sublime.

It is not only the poets who have spoken against slavery—the greatest and best men of the best times have always been its enemies. We will present the opinions of some distinguished Americans who were citizens of slave States. Some of our politicians prefer a reverence for the name of Washington—would that they entertained his noble sentiments!—Hear what this great and good man says:

The benevolence of your heart, my dear Marquis, is so conspicuous on all occasions, that I never wonder at fresh proofs of it; but your late purchase of an estate in the colony of Cayenne, with a view of emancipating the slaves, is a generous and noble proof of your humanity. Would to God, a like spirit might diffuse itself generally into the minds of the people of this country! But I despair of seeing it. Some persons were presented to the Assembly at its last session, for the abolition of slavery; but they could scarcely obtain a hearing.—*Letter to Robert Patterson.*

I never mean, unless some particular circumstances should compel me to it, to possess another slave by purchase; it being among my first wishes to see some plan adopted by which slavery in this country may be abolished by law.—*Letter to John F. Mercer.*

We turn to the language of another Virginian on the subject. The original draft of the declaration of independence, written by Thomas Jefferson, is as follows:

He has waged cruel war against human nature itself, violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty, in the persons of a distant people who never offended him; capturing and carrying them into slavery in their hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in their transportation thither. This piratical warfare, the opprobrium of infidel powers—is the warfare of the Christian King of Great Britain. Determined to keep open a market where MEN should be bought and sold, he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or to restrain this execrable commerce. And that this assemblage of horrors might want no fact of distinguished dye, he is now employing every effort to rouse some very people to rise in arms among us, and to commit a similar liberty of which he has deprived them; thus paying off former crimes committed against the liberties of one people, with crimes which he urges them to commit against the lives of another.

In his letter to Mr. Warville he writes thus:

The whole commerce between master and slave is a perpetual exercise of the most baseless passions; the most unrelenting despotism on one side, and the most abject submission on the other. Our children see the master and learn to imitate it; for man is an imitative animal.

This quality is the germ of all education in him.

From his cradle to his grave he is learning to do what he sees others do. If a parent could find no motive either in his philanthropy or his self-love, for restraining the intemperance of passion towards his slave, it should always be a sufficient one that his child is present. But generally, the master is the parent. The parent storms, the child looks on, catches the sentiments of wrath, puts on the same airs in the circle of smaller slaves, gives loose to his worst passions, and thus nursed, educated, and daily exercised in tyranny, cannot but be stained by it with odious peculiarities. The man must be a prodigy who can retain his manners and morals undepressed by such circumstances. And with what execration should the statesman be loaded, who, permitting one half the citizens thus to trample the rights of the other, transforms those into slaves, and these into enemies, destroys the morals of the one part, and the amoralities of the other. For if he is born to live and labor for another—in which he must lock up the faculties of his nature, contribute as far as depends on his individual endeavors to the establishment of the human race, or entail his own wretchedness on the world.

The moral industry is also deplored. For in a warm climate no man will labor for another but with his wrath?

Indeed, I tremble for my countrymen. I reflect that God is just; that his justice cannot sleep for ever; that considering numbers, nature, and natural means only, a revolution of the wheel of fortune, an exchange of situation, is

bound to produce events—that it may become probable by supernatural intercession! The might of Providence, which can take sides with us in such a contest.

What an incomprehensible machine is man! Who can endure toll, famine, stripes, imprisonment, and death itself, in vindication of his own liberty, and the next moment be deaf to all those motives whose power supported him through his trial, and inflict on his fellow-men a bound one, hour of which is fraught with more misery than ages of that which he rose in rebellion to oppose. But we must, with wisdom and the workings of an overruling Providence, accept the thought that in preparing the deliverance of these our suffering brethren—When the measure of their tears shall be full—then their tears shall have involved Heaven itself in darkness—doubtless a God of justice will awaken to their distress, and by diffusing a light and liberality among their oppressors, and at length by his exterminating thunder manifest his attention to things of this world, and that we are not led to the guidance of that blind deity.

I am very sensible of the honor you propose to me, of becoming a member of the society for the abolition of the slave-trade. You know that nobody wishes more ardently to see an abolition, not only of the trade but of the condition of slavery; and certainly nobody will be more willing to encounter every sacrifice for that object. But the influence and information of the friends to this proposition in France will be far above the need of association.

The preceding remarks were written in 1788.

In 1814, he expressed the same sentiments:

DEAR SIR—Your favor of July 31st was duly received, and was read with peculiar pleasure. The sentiments breathed through the whole do honor to both the head and the heart of the writer. Mine, on the subject of the slavery of negroes, have long since been in possession of the public, and time has only served to give them a stronger root. The love of justice and the love of country placed equally the cause of the people, and it was a natural report that they should have pleased it so long in vain, and should have produced not a single effort. I fear, not much serious willingness to leave them and ourselves from our present condition of moral and political reprobation.

It is an encouraging observation, that no good measure was ever proposed which, if duly pursued, failed to prevail in the end. We have profited in this history of the slave-trade in the British Parliament, to impress that very much which brought that evil on us. And we have profited by the religious creed, "we are not weary in well doing."

That your success may be as speedy and complete, as will be honorable and immortal consolation to yourself.

I shall as fervently and sincerely pray as I assure you of my greatest friend and respect.—*Letter to Edward Col. Esq., August 25, 1814.*

Let us hear the words of another man of the revolution, Patrick Henry:

HANOVER, Jan. 18, 1773.

DEAR SIR—I take this opportunity to acknowledge the receipt of Anthony Benezet's book against the slave trade; I thank you for it. It is not a bad book, but the efforts of Christianity, whose chief excellence consists in softening the human heart, in cherishing and improving its finer feelings, should enclose a practice so totally repugnant to the first impressions of right and wrong. What adds to the wonder is, that the abominable practice has been introduced in the most enlightened ages. Those, that seem to have pretensions to boast of high improvements in the arts and sciences, and refined morality, have brought into general use, and guarded by many laws, a species of barbarous, but more honest ancestors, defended it not aiming, that a time, when the rights of humanity are defined and understood with precision, and in such a country, we find men professing a religion the most humane, mild, gentle and generous, adopting a principle as repugnant to humanity, as it is inconsistent with the Bible, and destructive to liberty! Every thinking, honest man rejects it in speculation, but would be apt to do it in practice.

Let us hear the words of another man of the revolution, Patrick Henry:

HANOVER, Jan. 18, 1773.

DEAR SIR—I take this opportunity to acknowledge the receipt of Anthony Benezet's book against the slave trade; I thank you for it. It is not a bad book, but the efforts of Christianity, whose chief excellence consists in softening the human heart, in cherishing and improving its finer feelings, should enclose a practice so totally repugnant to the first impressions of right and wrong. What adds to the wonder is, that the abominable practice has been introduced in the most enlightened ages. Those, that seem to have pretensions to boast of high improvements in the arts and sciences, and refined morality, have brought into general use, and guarded by many laws, a species of barbarous, but more honest ancestors, defended it not aiming, that a time, when the rights of humanity are defined and understood with precision, and in such a country, we find men professing a religion the most humane, mild, gentle and generous, adopting a principle as repugnant to humanity, as it is inconsistent with the Bible, and destructive to liberty! Every thinking, honest man rejects it in speculation, but would be apt to do it in practice.

Let us hear the words of another man of the revolution, Patrick Henry:

HANOVER, Jan. 18, 1773.

DEAR SIR—I take this opportunity to acknowledge the receipt of Anthony Benezet's book against the slave trade; I thank you for it. It is not a bad book, but the efforts of Christianity, whose chief excellence consists in softening the human heart, in cherishing and improving its finer feelings, should enclose a practice so totally repugnant to the first impressions of right and wrong. What adds to the wonder is, that the abominable practice has been introduced in the most enlightened ages. Those, that seem to have pretensions to boast of high improvements in the arts and sciences, and refined morality, have brought into general use, and guarded by many laws, a species of barbarous, but more honest ancestors, defended it not aiming, that a time, when the rights of humanity are defined and understood with precision, and in such a country, we find men professing a religion the most humane, mild, gentle and generous, adopting a principle as repugnant to humanity, as it is inconsistent with the Bible, and destructive to liberty! Every thinking, honest man rejects it in speculation, but would be apt to do it in practice.

Let us hear the words of another man of the revolution, Patrick Henry:

HANOVER, Jan. 18, 1773.

DEAR SIR—I take this opportunity to acknowledge the receipt of Anthony Benezet's book against the slave trade; I thank you for it. It is not a bad book, but the efforts of Christianity, whose chief excellence consists in softening the human heart, in cherishing and improving its finer feelings, should enclose a practice so totally repugnant to the first impressions of right and wrong. What adds to the wonder is, that the abominable practice has been introduced in the most enlightened ages. Those, that seem to have pretensions to boast of high improvements in the arts and sciences, and refined morality, have brought into general use, and guarded by many laws, a species of barbarous, but more honest ancestors, defended it not aiming, that a time, when the rights of humanity are defined and understood with precision, and in such a country, we find men professing a religion the most humane, mild, gentle and generous, adopting a principle as repugnant to humanity, as it is inconsistent with the Bible, and destructive to liberty! Every thinking, honest man rejects it in speculation, but would be apt to do it in practice.

Let us hear the words of another man of the revolution, Patrick Henry:

HANOVER, Jan. 18, 1773.

DEAR SIR—I take this opportunity to acknowledge the receipt of Anthony Benezet's book against the slave trade; I thank you for it. It is not a bad book, but the efforts of Christianity, whose chief excellence consists in softening the human heart, in cherishing and improving its finer feelings, should enclose a practice so totally repugnant to the first impressions of right and wrong. What adds to the wonder is, that the abominable practice has been introduced in the most enlightened ages. Those, that seem to have pretensions to boast of high improvements in the arts and sciences, and refined morality, have brought into general use, and guarded by many laws, a species of barbarous, but more honest ancestors, defended it not aiming, that a time, when the rights of humanity are defined and understood with precision, and in such a country, we find men professing a religion the most humane, mild, gentle and generous, adopting a principle as repugnant to humanity, as it is inconsistent with the Bible, and destructive to liberty! Every thinking, honest man rejects it in speculation, but would be apt to do it in practice.

Let us hear the words of another man of the revolution, Patrick Henry:

HANOVER, Jan. 18, 1773.

DEAR SIR—I take this opportunity to acknowledge the receipt of Anthony Benezet's book against the slave trade; I thank you for it. It is not a bad book, but the efforts of Christianity, whose chief excellence consists in softening the human heart, in cherishing and improving its finer feelings, should enclose a practice so totally repugnant to the first impressions of right and wrong. What adds to the wonder is, that the abominable practice has been introduced in the most enlightened ages. Those, that seem to have pretensions to boast of high improvements in the arts and sciences, and refined morality, have brought into general use, and guarded by many laws, a species of barbarous, but more honest ancestors, defended it not aiming, that a time, when the rights of humanity are defined and understood with precision, and in such a country, we find men professing a religion the most humane, mild, gentle and generous, adopting a principle as repugnant to humanity, as it is inconsistent with the Bible, and destructive to liberty! Every thinking, honest man rejects it in speculation, but would be apt to do it in practice.

Let us hear the words of another man of the revolution, Patrick Henry:

HANOVER, Jan. 18, 1773.

DEAR SIR—I take this opportunity to acknowledge the receipt of Anthony Benezet's book against the slave trade; I thank you for it. It is not a bad book, but the efforts of Christianity, whose chief excellence consists in softening the human heart, in cherishing and improving its finer feelings, should enclose a practice so totally repugnant to the first impressions of right and wrong. What adds to the wonder is, that the abominable practice has been introduced in the most enlightened ages. Those, that seem to have pretensions to boast of high improvements in the arts and sciences, and refined morality, have brought into general use, and guarded by many laws, a species of barbarous, but more honest ancestors, defended it not aiming, that a time, when the rights of humanity are defined and understood with precision, and in such a country, we find men professing a religion the most humane, mild, gentle and generous, adopting a principle as repugnant to humanity, as it is inconsistent with the Bible, and destructive to liberty! Every thinking, honest man rejects it in speculation, but would be apt to do it in practice.

Let us hear the words of another man of the revolution, Patrick Henry:

HANOVER, Jan. 18, 1773.

DEAR SIR—I take this opportunity to acknowledge the receipt of Anthony Benezet's book against the slave trade; I thank you for it. It is not a bad book, but the efforts of Christianity, whose chief excellence consists in softening the human heart, in cherishing and improving its finer feelings, should enclose a practice so totally repugnant to the first impressions of right and wrong. What adds to the wonder is, that the abominable practice has been introduced in the most enlightened ages. Those, that seem to have pretensions to boast of high improvements in the arts and sciences, and refined morality, have brought into general use, and guarded by many laws, a species of barbarous, but more honest ancestors, defended it not aiming, that a time, when the rights of humanity are defined and understood with precision, and in such a country, we find men professing a religion the most humane, mild, gentle and generous, adopting a principle as repugnant to humanity, as it is inconsistent with the Bible, and destructive to liberty! Every thinking, honest man rejects it in speculation, but would be apt to do it in practice.

Let us hear the words of another man of the revolution, Patrick Henry:

HANOVER, Jan. 18, 1773.

DEAR SIR—I take this opportunity to acknowledge the receipt of Anthony Benezet's book against the slave trade; I thank you for it. It is not a bad book, but the efforts of Christianity, whose chief excellence consists in softening the human heart, in cherishing and improving its finer feelings, should enclose a practice so totally repugnant to the first impressions of right and wrong. What adds to the wonder is, that the abominable practice has been introduced in the most enlightened ages. Those, that seem to have pretensions to boast of high improvements in the arts and sciences, and refined morality, have brought into general use, and guarded by many laws, a species of barbarous, but more honest ancestors, defended it not aiming, that a time, when the rights of humanity are defined and understood with precision, and in such a country, we find men professing a religion the most humane, mild, gentle and generous, adopting a principle as repugnant to humanity, as it is inconsistent with the Bible, and destructive to liberty! Every thinking, honest man rejects it in speculation, but would be apt to do it in practice.

Let us hear the words of another man of the revolution, Patrick Henry:

HANOVER, Jan. 18, 1773.

DEAR SIR—I take this opportunity to acknowledge the receipt of Anthony Benezet's book against the slave trade; I thank you for it. It is not a bad book, but the efforts of Christianity, whose chief excellence consists in softening the human heart, in cherishing and improving its finer feelings, should enclose a practice so totally repugnant to the first impressions of right and wrong. What adds to the wonder is, that the abominable practice has been introduced in the most enlightened ages. Those, that seem to have pretensions to boast of high improvements in the arts and sciences, and refined morality, have brought into general use, and guarded by many laws, a species of barbarous, but more honest ancestors, defended it not aiming, that a time, when the rights of humanity are defined and understood with precision, and in such a country, we find men professing a religion the most humane, mild, gentle and generous, adopting a principle as repugnant to humanity, as it is inconsistent with the Bible, and destructive to liberty! Every thinking, honest man rejects it in speculation, but would be apt to do it in practice.

Let us hear the words of another man of the revolution, Patrick Henry:

HANOVER, Jan. 18, 1773.

DEAR SIR—I take this opportunity to acknowledge the receipt of Anthony Benezet's book against the slave trade; I thank you for it. It is not a bad book, but the efforts of Christianity, whose chief excellence consists in softening the human heart, in cherishing and improving its finer feelings, should enclose a practice so totally repugnant to the first impressions of right and wrong. What adds to the wonder is, that the abominable practice has been introduced in the most enlightened ages. Those, that seem to have pretensions to boast of high improvements in the arts and sciences, and refined morality, have brought into general use, and guarded by many laws, a species of barbarous, but more honest ancestors, defended it not aiming, that a time, when the rights of humanity are defined and understood with precision, and in such a country, we find men professing a religion the most humane, mild, gentle and generous, adopting a principle as repugnant to humanity, as it is inconsistent with the Bible, and destructive to liberty! Every thinking, honest man rejects it in speculation, but would be apt to do it in practice.

Let us hear the words of another man of the revolution, Patrick Henry:

HANOVER, Jan. 18, 1773.

DEAR SIR—I take this opportunity to acknowledge the receipt of Anthony Benezet's book against the slave trade; I thank you for it. It is not a bad book, but the efforts of Christianity, whose chief excellence consists in softening the human heart, in cherishing and improving its finer feelings, should enclose a practice so totally repugnant to the first impressions of right and wrong. What adds to the wonder is, that the abominable practice has been introduced in the most enlightened ages. Those, that seem to have pretensions to boast of high improvements in the arts and sciences, and refined morality, have brought into general use, and guarded by many laws, a species of barbarous, but more honest ancestors, defended it not aiming, that a time, when the rights of humanity are defined and understood with precision, and in such a country, we find men professing a religion the most humane, mild, gentle and generous, adopting a principle as repugnant to humanity, as it is inconsistent with the Bible, and destructive to liberty! Every thinking, honest man rejects it in speculation, but would be apt to do it in practice.

Let us hear the words of another man of the revolution, Patrick Henry:

HANOVER, Jan. 18, 1773.

DEAR SIR—I take this opportunity to acknowledge the receipt of Anthony Benezet's book against the slave trade; I thank you for it. It is not a bad book,

### Further Intelligence by the Europa.

We copy the following summary of foreign news by the Europa from the New York papers of Monday last.

#### From France.

The latest news from France confirms Louis Napoleon's increasing popularity and Cavaignac's downfall. The return of the Frenchmen are even more decided than the return of the supporters of the Prince over all his competitors, he had 170,000, and the Bonaparte supporters, he had a majority of 20,233, and the votes of 16,411 votes out of 36,000 votes polled for all the candidates. At Bordeaux 10,000 voted for Prince Louis, and 6,000 for General Cavaignac. Judging from all the reports which have reached us, the Prince will have an immense majority. The Cavaignac vote has only been produced by Government influence. Already lists of the new Ministers are circulated, one of which place Marshal Oudinot among the Ministers.

#### Later Yet.

Louis Napoleon's election engrosses all the attention of the people. Gen. Cavaignac was burnt in effigy amidst a large concourse of people assembled at the Place de l'Europe.

#### England.

**TERrible ACCIDENT.**—A dreadful accident occurred on board the steamer Londondry, plying between Sligo and Liverpool, by which seven lives were lost. The steamer had on board three cabin passengers, and about one hundred and fifty Irish emigrants for America. The crew, the members of which have no more to learn than they were named in it than they fled the country. Your representatives have had their attention drawn to that paper, and to protect the constitutional rights, to secure public order, to grant independence, and disappoint the intentions of foreign powers, we have met and resolved:

1. The Chamber of Deputies recognises no character of official authority in the paper from Gaeta, and it is with the constitutional institutions, to which the Senate is subject, that we have to do.

2. The Senate is subject to the Minister of the Interior, and the present Minister, in the urgency of the case, shall continue, until further orders, to administer the affairs of the court, with a deposition from our body shall be made to the Sovereign to request his return to Rome. 3. The King of Naples is invited to join him in the deposition.

The national guards throughout the States shall be called to rally round their banners, and preserve the order of hitherto.

The two brothers of Bologna had resigned on account of the murder of Count Rossi, their only children remained at Rome. All the foreign ministers, except the Sardinian envoy, had also left the city.

A number of the Cardinals had reached Naples, but it is said, the Pope has ordered them to Malta, in order to form a concilie there in the event of his decease.

There has been a great movement of the Austrian troops towards the frontier of the Papal States.

The Tempo, of Naples, contains the following letter of the Pope to Cardinal Patriarch:

"If there was ever need to address God with fervent prayers, it is at this moment. Sins, blasphemies, sacrilegious acts of all kinds, and contempt of the most holy things, force us to have recourse to the Divinity."

—Men, women, and children were huddled together, blackened with suffocation, distorted by convulsions, bruised and bleeding by the desperate struggle for existence which preceded the moment when exhausted nature resigned itself. After some time the living were separated from the dead, and it was then seen that the latter amounted to nearly one half of the whole number.

The coroner's jury have found Alexander Johnstone, captain, Richard Hughes, first mate, and Nathan Cawthron, second mate, guilty of manslaughter, and the absence of the unhuman conduct of the other seamen on board throughout this unhappy transaction.

#### Irland.

Profound tranquillity continues. The evictions, scoundrel and inhuman, with the past, continue upon an extensive scale.—The Lord Lieutenant returned last week to Dublin, and seems to be addressing his intentions to the expulsion of all sinecures. Many officers in the Coast Guard service, the post office and treasury, and the like, have been dismissed or transferred to London. There was even a rumor of the king's brother, the Duke of Cambridge, to follow the example of his son.

—Men, women, and children were huddled together, blackened with suffocation, distorted by convulsions, bruised and bleeding by the desperate struggle for existence which preceded the moment when exhausted nature resigned itself. After some time the living were separated from the dead, and it was then seen that the latter amounted to nearly one half of the whole number.

#### Austria.

The Emperor of Austria has abdicated in favor of his nephew, Francis Joseph, son of Archduke Maximilian, and has taken place, with the consent of the monarchy, to be addressed his intentions to the expulsion of all sinecures.

—Men, women, and children were huddled together, blackened with suffocation, distorted by convulsions, bruised and bleeding by the desperate struggle for existence which preceded the moment when exhausted nature resigned itself. After some time the living were separated from the dead, and it was then seen that the latter amounted to nearly one half of the whole number.

#### Prussia.

The king of Prussia, wearied with factions opposing him, has dissolved the Parliament and promulgated the new constitution, in which all the liberties are confirmed, with such modifications as the monarchy seems to require. There are to be two Chambers—an upper Chamber, consisting of 180 members, to last six years, and a lower Chamber, consisting of 360 members, to last three years, both to be elected by the people, and summoned to the Chambers to rest with the King.

The King has issued a decree dissolving the Assembly, but the Chambers are convoked to meet in Berlin on the 26th February. A modification of the Bill of Rights has been taken place, which has been referred to the King.

—Men, women, and children were huddled together, blackened with suffocation, distorted by convulsions, bruised and bleeding by the desperate struggle for existence which preceded the moment when exhausted nature resigned itself. After some time the living were separated from the dead, and it was then seen that the latter amounted to nearly one half of the whole number.

#### Scotland.

The coroner's jury have found Alexander Johnstone, captain, Richard Hughes, first mate, and Nathan Cawthron, second mate, guilty of manslaughter, and the absence of the unhuman conduct of the other seamen on board throughout this unhappy transaction.

#### England.

Profound tranquillity continues. The evictions, scoundrel and inhuman, with the past, continue upon an extensive scale.—The Lord Lieutenant returned last week to Dublin, and seems to be addressing his intentions to the expulsion of all sinecures. Many officers in the Coast Guard service, the post office and treasury, and the like, have been dismissed or transferred to London. There was even a rumor of the king's brother, the Duke of Cambridge, to follow the example of his son.

—Men, women, and children were huddled together, blackened with suffocation, distorted by convulsions, bruised and bleeding by the desperate struggle for existence which preceded the moment when exhausted nature resigned itself. After some time the living were separated from the dead, and it was then seen that the latter amounted to nearly one half of the whole number.

#### Irland.

Profound tranquillity continues. The evictions, scoundrel and inhuman, with the past, continue upon an extensive scale.—The Lord Lieutenant returned last week to Dublin, and seems to be addressing his intentions to the expulsion of all sinecures.

—Men, women, and children were huddled together, blackened with suffocation, distorted by convulsions, bruised and bleeding by the desperate struggle for existence which preceded the moment when exhausted nature resigned itself. After some time the living were separated from the dead, and it was then seen that the latter amounted to nearly one half of the whole number.

#### Spain.

The king has pronounced the Chambers to the 1st of February. He has remonstrated against Tuscany sending a Minister to Sicily, and green cooling water between England and Naples on this account.

#### Portugal.

This country, which during so many years was the scene of strife, whilst all Europe was tranquill, is now perfectly quiet, whilst the Continent has been convulsed from end to the other.

#### Naples.

The king has pronounced the Chambers to the 1st of February. He has remonstrated against Tuscany sending a Minister to Sicily, and green cooling water between England and Naples on this account.

#### The Markets.

LIVERPOOL CORN MARKET, Dec. 15.—There was a fair attendance of the trade to day, and a moderate business transacted. The price of Wheat was 8s per bushel, 6d per bushel. Bonded Flour and Wheat were also in request, and were sold at 8s per bushel, and 3d per bushel. Indian Corn, 3s 6d per bushel. Canadian Oats, 3s 6d per bushel. There are no new features; transactions being confined to the trials.

#### Italy.

Italy has refused to acknowledge the Queen of Spain.

#### Egypt.

Egypt remains quiet. The new Vice Regent had assumed the reins of Government.

#### Rome.

At Rome a Provisional Government was to be formed. It is thought that the great powers of Europe would intercede and re-establish the Pope's authority.

#### Hungary.

The Hungarians have determined on resisting the Austrian oppression of Vienna.

#### Austria.

Austrian fleet was moored off the coast of Trieste for the purpose of suppressing the liberties of the Venetians by blockading the city. No decisive battle has been fought, but much skirmishing of an inactive character had taken place between the Imperial troops. Meanwhile the Hungarian army, which had been rapidly restored, was made up to 250,000 men.

#### Commercial.

Rough Corn had declined 2s, and foreign do 1s. At the London Corn Exchange Flour was very dull. Sales of Indian Corn, 3s 6d per bushel. Wheat and Flour, 8s per bushel, 6d per bushel. Bonded Flour and Wheat, 8s per bushel, 6d per bushel. Indian Corn, 3s 6d per bushel. Canadian Oats, 3s 6d per bushel. There are no new features; transactions being confined to the trials.

#### CONGRESSIONAL.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4.—SENATE.

The Senate was called to order at the usual hour, and prayer was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Gurley.

Numerous petitions and memorials were presented and referred.

Mr. King and Walker made loud complaints as to the manner in which their constituents were represented in the House.

Mr. King offered a joint resolution for an adjournment of the House, at 2 o'clock.

Mr. King, in a speech in the House, said, "I have no objection to the joint resolution of Mr. Gold, my clerk in the House. A joint resolution was passed making allowance for the messengers to the Electoral College.

The remainder of the session was unimportant.

#### THE VERY LATEST.

By special Express and Electric Telegraph.

The New York papers, have the following intelligence by the Europa, up to the latest moment:

#### LONDON, Saturday morning, Dec. 15.

I have just obtained information, on which I can rely, that the much-vaunted question of power, courage, and moderation, which the United States has finally agreed upon—that is, as far as the British government and the American Ministers are concerned.

I learn that the ship letter postage is fixed at sixteen cents for half an ounce. The postage on newspapers to destination at two cents each way. An inland postage of five cents to be paid on each letter. Letters may be prepared for, not just as the sender pleases. Letters from America, for France and other ports of the continent of Europe, are to pass through England first. Letters and papers from England, to the United States, are the chief post offices of the treaty. It will be observed that it is one of complete reciprocity and equality.

#### The Latest French News.

PARIS, Friday morning.

The city continues quite tranquil. The returns continue to be hourly received from the departments, and the sentiments are in accordance as they have been by the circumstances in which we were placed.

The House then proceeded to adjourn, with the following result:

#### LOUIS NAPOLÉON.

It is expected that Louis Napoleon will be appointed to the command of the army.

The House then, on motion, proceeded to the consideration of the bill providing for the establishment of a board of commissioners to settle the claims of individuals against the Government.

The House then proceeded to adjourn, with the following result:

#### THE Latest French News.

PARIS, Friday morning.

The city continues quite tranquil. The returns continue to be hourly received from the departments, and the sentiments are in accordance as they have been by the circumstances in which we were placed.

The House then proceeded to adjourn, with the following result:

#### LOUIS NAPOLÉON.

It is expected that Louis Napoleon will be appointed to the command of the army.

The House then proceeded to adjourn, with the following result:

#### THE Latest French News.

PARIS, Friday morning.

The city continues quite tranquil. The returns continue to be hourly received from the departments, and the sentiments are in accordance as they have been by the circumstances in which we were placed.

The House then proceeded to adjourn, with the following result:

#### LOUIS NAPOLÉON.

It is expected that Louis Napoleon will be appointed to the command of the army.

The House then proceeded to adjourn, with the following result:

#### THE Latest French News.

PARIS, Friday morning.

The city continues quite tranquil. The returns continue to be hourly received from the departments, and the sentiments are in accordance as they have been by the circumstances in which we were placed.

The House then proceeded to adjourn, with the following result:

#### LOUIS NAPOLÉON.

It is expected that Louis Napoleon will be appointed to the command of the army.

The House then proceeded to adjourn, with the following result:

#### THE Latest French News.

PARIS, Friday morning.

The city continues quite tranquil. The returns continue to be hourly received from the departments, and the sentiments are in accordance as they have been by the circumstances in which we were placed.

The House then proceeded to adjourn, with the following result:

#### LOUIS NAPOLÉON.

It is expected that Louis Napoleon will be appointed to the command of the army.

The House then proceeded to adjourn, with the following result:

#### THE Latest French News.

PARIS, Friday morning.

The city continues quite tranquil. The returns continue to be hourly received from the departments, and the sentiments are in accordance as they have been by the circumstances in which we were placed.

The House then proceeded to adjourn, with the following result:

#### LOUIS NAPOLÉON.

It is expected that Louis Napoleon will be appointed to the command of the army.

The House then proceeded to adjourn, with the following result:

#### THE Latest French News.

PARIS, Friday morning.

The city continues quite tranquil. The returns continue to be hourly received from the departments, and the sentiments are in accordance as they have been by the circumstances in which we were placed.

The House then proceeded to adjourn, with the following result:

#### LOUIS NAPOLÉON.

It is expected that Louis Napoleon will be appointed to the command of the army.

The House then proceeded to adjourn, with the following result:

#### THE Latest French News.

PARIS, Friday morning.

The city continues quite tranquil. The returns continue to be hourly received from the departments, and the sentiments are in accordance as they have been by the circumstances in which we were placed.

The House then proceeded to adjourn, with the following result:

#### LOUIS NAPOLÉON.

It is expected that Louis Napoleon will be appointed to the command of the army.

The House then proceeded to adjourn, with the following result:

#### THE Latest French News.

PARIS, Friday morning.

The city continues quite tranquil. The returns continue to be hourly received from the departments

## LITERARY EXAMINER.

From the House Journal.

*Life is a Dream I Cherish.*

BY SINGING STYL.

Youthful hearts will seek romances—  
Youthful hearts will have their fancies;  
And there is a dream I cherish  
That is with me all the day,  
Of a grand, old tree that springeth,  
With a soft, cool, daintie bough,  
A soft shadow on the casement,  
Where I muse the hours away—  
A soft shadow, weary never—  
Of its light and shifting play.

This I dream—an angel spirit  
Is forever hovering near it,  
And within it and above it,  
With a mission from the sky!  
For the old tree seems to love me,  
As it waves its boughs above me,  
With a faint and gentle murmur,  
Or a low and saddened sigh—  
Even the wayward dreamer—!

There's a whisper and a blessing  
In the beautiful caressing  
Of the leaves that stoop to kiss me  
As I lean upon the sill;  
And their murmur makes a feeling  
That on earth hath no revealing,  
But that sleepeth in my bosom  
Mute, and eloquent, and still,  
And their touch upon my forehead  
Wakes a strangely pleasant thrill.

Where the topmost boughs are swinging  
And the waving leaves are singing,  
One low song of love forever  
To the azur up on high,  
Doth my soul delight to hover,  
With the cool leaves for a cover,  
Looking up into the sky!—  
With a motion soft as music  
Swinging in the tree-top high!

Oh! how blessed is my wild spirit,  
When no earthly thought is near it,  
As it lies 'mid dreams and visions  
In the arms of the old tree!  
All the whispering jewel-blesses it,  
And the wild wind doth caress it,  
And the soft and dreamy azure  
Can my spirit only see,  
And that seems to grow and deepen  
Into strange infinity.

But there is a solemn hour  
When the tree hath wilder power—  
In the gloaming of the midnight,  
When I sit and watch the sky—  
When the foliage moans and shivers  
And the starlight o'er it quivers,  
And the shadows creep and tremble  
Over the casement where they lie—  
Then the shadow and the whisper  
Thrill my soul with mystery!

When the summer-day is breaking,  
And the earth is slowly waking—  
When I throw the shutter open

To the morning fresh and fair,  
Then the spray doth bend before me,  
Dashing shining dew-drops o'er me,  
While the little leaves a-laughing,  
Clap their hands in the bright air,  
As the perfumed shower of jewels  
Sparkles in my unbound hair.

Oh! I know no monarch o'er  
Were a crown so brightly golden  
Nor a robe as richly crimson  
As the tree that loves me, were,  
When the air was bright and gleaming,  
And the heavens were blue and gleaming  
In the glorious days of Autumn,  
That are now, alas! no more.  
Then its murmur grew so mournful  
As the sunny hours past o'er.

Therefore, as my wayward spirit  
Is forever blessed when near it—  
As it seems to know and love me,  
And is so beloved by me—  
As its every whisper thrills me,  
And its midnight shadow fills me  
With a thought of mystery—  
Do I think some angel mission,  
Hovers ever in that tree!

*The Bride of the Fiord.*

CHAPTER I.

Old Norway, crowned in snow, and embossed in ocean's waters, begirt with rock and mountain, with her forests of pine and her living lakes—the primitive habits of her people, their industry, and their national enthusiasm, is, indeed a remarkable land. As remarkable to-day in her character, as she was a thousand years ago; when her seafarers were upon the coasts of many European lands, giving laws and customs to the civilised nations, who now look down upon modern Norway, and forget, or are ignorant, of the past. But if scenery or national habit stamp noble peculiarities upon the land and its people, still more should that people's warm-heartedness make them objects of European interest. A warm-heartedness which, whether it displays itself in deep national love of "Fader-land," in generous hospitality to the stranger, or in the relations of man to man and to society, of husband, wife, and child, is in its intensity and truthfulness markedly illustrative of an uncorrupted people. Somewhat of this is conveyed in the true story of Olaf and Margaret.

It was summer on the Fiord, whose waters slept without a ripple, as the clear surface reflected back the shadows of the abrupt rocks, upon whose summits grew lofty pines, and within whose clefts the wall-flower, and the red and yellow cloud-berries, contrasted their gaudy colors, with, here and there, a lily of the valley, rearing its modest head through scanty grass and green moss. So narrow was the inlet for its waters, that the Fiord might have seemed a closed lake; and so surrounded was it by its lofty and rocky boundaries, that no light fell upon its surface, save that which shot down vertically from a cloudless sky. Far beyond those arose mountain piled on mountain, until they blended with the heavens, and their tops, capped with the unmolten snow of centuries, contrasted their silvery whiteness with the black rocks and dark trees which surrounded that glassy Fiord. Above it, and opposite to those mountains, wound one of those precipitous roads over which it is impossible for horse or machine to travel, save when the Norwegian snow fills up all chasms, and strong ice, from cleft to cleft, makes winter bridges over which the sledge is then drawn, with a security marvellous to such as could have seen its irregular summer surface and gaping chasms, down whose sides sought have the fox, the squirrel, or the hare, could be expected to find footing. Yet at the lower end, through an opening between two rocks, the waters passed out into a wider space, and onward, until miles below that Fiord a little village, of some dozen farm-houses and a plain white church. Here, on that Fiord, the village found its fishing, and its inhabitants were sustained principally from its waters, together with such game as the Fjelde beyond its rocky boundaries afforded.

It was yet morn, and no boat was out; nothing disturbed the perfect stillness of the hour, except the screech of some alarmed sea-bird, as the fox or the wolf neared its dwelling. One human being only was visible in its neighborhood; and she, with a light and agile foot, yet with cautious steps, wound her away along that boundary road—now up amid the topmost pines, now down the side of some declivitous rock, now along the moss bank at its foot, and up again; now in sight and now obscured from view by some projecting eminence. Her figure was light and graceful, and her dress picturesquely in the extreme. Upon her head she wore a cap of blue and scarlet cloth; fastened in upon her temples with a golden band. A dress of reindeer skin, closed at the waist by a worsted sash, fell to her

knees, and beneath it her limbs were clad in a lighter skin which fitted close at stock, and covered the feet as shoes; while her neck was covered with a red wrapper, fastened in a neat tie beneath her chin.—Her dress alone bespoke her not of Norwegian blood; and the remarkable characters of her exquisitely delicate shape, her dark brown eyes, sloping somewhat to the temples, her black hair and sallow skin, stamped her one of the Lapland race.—She was of that outcast blood. Her tribe was sure to be near at hand—their tents cast in some neighbouring Fjelde, where were grazing their troops of reindeer.—Every foot of that way seemed known to her; she must have trod it so often before. Does she seek flower or fruit? No; she looks to neither. Journeys she to the village? No; for now she stops, and sealing herself upon the bank, close to the water's edge, she seems to await in silence the object of her mission. From her bosom she has pulled forth a pair of mittens, looked at them with pleased earnestness; then glanced hastily along the waters in the direction of the cleft leading to the village, and with a listening but a disappointed expression of face, she has replaced them in her dress again. There until the noonday she sat statue-like and motionless, except that at intervals her head inclined in a listening attitude, as though she watched for some fair girl had given to skin before, and made to fit him—"Oh! she knew they would fit him!" Poor innocent!—and yet she knew not it was love. And now upon the first morning she had reached that Fiord, she was down upon it, and there, upon the well-remembered bank, she had placed herself, patiently to await the fishing hour that would bring the object of her mission upon those waters. And who was the Norwegian girl with whom she now conversed?

Margaret Franz was the pride of the village by that Fiord. She was the daughter of the farmer or landowner, who held all those lands stretching up from its boundaries to the mountain foot. Every one liked Margaret Franz. She was so good, and there was so much of that goodness shining out in her open features. And the young men liked her, she was so beautiful and so gay—so cheerful at their feasts, so free from guile; she sang so sweetly, she danced so well, and she was so kind to all. Alas, poor Fin!—and Olaf loved her warmly and wildly as ever man loved a woman; and Olaf had won return love. And ere the winter set in, Olaf and Margaret were to be wed together, and he was to live with her upon her father's land, and everything was settled and the day named; and Olaf had gone down to Drontheim, to lay in the necessary stores for a wedding, and a winter home in Norway.

All this, with the open frankness of her nature and her nation, Margaret Franz told to the poor Fin. She told it, partly because every one knew it, and partly because she thought that the grateful Laplander would be glad to hear that Olaf was about to be happy; she told it, because she felt proud to have a listener who knew that Olaf was good, and Olaf was brave; she told it, because her heart was full of joy, and she thought that every one must participate in that joy; and sure the outcast Fin, who owed her life to him, must rejoice in it too!

Now, for the first time, that poor Lapland girl felt the truth. She knew not till now she loved; but now!—she felt it in the envy of Margaret which sprang up in her bosom at that moment. She felt it in the hot tears which rolled down her cheek, as she stopped to pluck the flowers that lay at her feet, to hide her bitter secret. She felt it in the heart-breaking which made her wish she was beneath those waters again, and no Olaf near to rescue her. But to hear and suffer was the destiny of her race, and she knew it, and she must endure it. Still it came so suddenly upon her, though she knew she durst never hope that Norway Olaf would wed Lapland Una, she never thought of it at all till now; and now it was all, all upon her; now she understood herself—she knew it all. Slowly, as the tears dried off, she raised her head, and looking into the sunny and happy face before her, said—

"Ho! are you tribe near the Fiord?"—  
Have you any furs to sell?"

"None to sell," was the calm reply, distinctly spoken in passable Norse.

"Then what do you at the Fiord, and alone, unless you came to sell or buy? If on your way to the village, I will row you there in my boat."

The Laplander looked up, and the tears were in her eyes. In Norway there is a superstition against sitting with a Laplander, whose outcast tribe are at once despised as inferior, and dreaded as supernatural.—The Laplander knew and felt all this, and the unexpected and kindly offer touched upon her heart. She expressed her thankfulness, and shook her head as she looked up into the sunny face of her who, standing in her boat, looked down upon that poor Fin\* with an expression of touching, but warm sadness as though she grieved for the outcast fate of her race.

"I have nothing to sell," said the Fin, "and I want to buy nothing." Then, after a pause—"I have not been here for two years; my tribe has been up far north, and now, when on their way to Drontheim, I ventured to this Fiord with these gloves," said she, drawing them from her bosom, "which I have made for one to whom I owe the rescue of my life, even from the water, two years ago."

Please again sit up the young Norwegian's countenance, as she exclaimed—

"Oh, I know it, I know it all; you are the young Laplander, who fell from yonder rock, and whom noble Olaf plucked into his arms."

Wearily and passionately the young Fin exclaimed "I am, I am;" and her dark eyes lit up, and the flush of gratitude came in warm red blood upon her somber features.

Two years before, in clambering over these rocks her skin shoes had slipped upon a shelving bank, from whose edge she was precipitated into the waters beneath. Olaf, a bold young waterman, living near the Fiord, and who happened to have been then, from his boat, casting his fishing-net upon the waters, saw her fall, and with the instinctive courage of true manhood, aided by his skill in swimming, as a child of the water, he rescued her. In his boat she came to consciousness, as his manly form knelt over her, and from his corn-spirit flask he poured upon her temples and stimulant and restorative to his lips, the rude stimulant and restorative of his country. She recovered, with that intense sense of gratitude which such an event was sure to beget. She looked up into his open and gallant features, as though some genius of the spot, above the measure of humanity, had been her deliverer. And she, the poor Lapland girl, an outcast from Norwegian homes—one with whom the sons of old Norway would neither sit nor eat—was then tended by a Norseman, to whom she was debtor for her life. It has been somewhat beautifully said, "We plant a rose, and then we water it because we planted it." Olaf felt the influence of some such feeling; he would fain have carried home the gentle and subdued being he had rescued; but the superstitions of his country were strong upon him, and as soon as he felt she was sufficiently restored to leave his boat, he raised her in his arms, and laid her upon that very bank where she now sat. Thence he helped her along the rude footings of the rocky path, and as she indicated the direction of her tribe, he led her to the Fjelde, where her people, with their flocks and tents, had gathered. There, left in security, he parted from her, scarcely returning the warm and passionate hand-grasp she bestowed upon him, and kneeling at his feet, she prayed her earnestly honest thankfulness to him and "Nipen"† for her deliverance.

"Pray to Nipen," said he, "to guard me on the Fiord—tis all I ask."

And the poor Fin prayed, and warmly prayed.

They met to know each other no more; but his image, and the thought of him, and the warm prayer to Nipen for him, for her brief life, filled the heart and soul of that young Fin. She and her tribe passed far north; but wherever they struck their tents—wherever she led her aged sightless mother, victim of the Lapland blindness;‡ the cloaks and shawls of fur, the cloth, woven in domestic looms, and the various articles of furniture, and nearly all are gifts to the

parent, her duties to her tribe, her needle-work, which she plied dexterously, were still pursued as constantly as before; but the Lapland song no longer kept time with her employment; her gaiety was gone. She no longer sat before her tent, surrounded by the youth of her tribe, listening to the music of her gentle voice, or delighting in her tales of tent-scenes and olden Lapland times, and reindeer adventures, and stories of the Fiord demon and the Nipen vengeance. The poor Fin shook their heads, and marvelled what had fallen upon "Una." Her whole character was changed. One all-absorbing thought filled her mind. "Olaf, her savior!"—should she ever meet him again? What could she do to show him the depth of her gratitude for that kindness from the hands of one of his race? Still it never suggested itself to Una's simple nature, that this feeling of gratitude was gradually extending itself into a deeper passion. For two whole years, while with her tribe, she had gone north, and now south again, back to the old well-remembered encampment, her thoughts had been upon that man and that hour. At her blind mother's knee she had wrought those gloves of the loveliest skin she could procure, and fastened with such needlework as never Fin-girl had given to skin before, and made to fit him—"Oh! she knew they would fit him!" Poor innocent!—and yet she knew not it was love. And now upon the first morning she had reached that Fiord, she was down upon it, and there, upon the well-remembered bank, she had placed herself, patiently to await the fishing hour that would bring the object of her mission upon those waters. And who was the Norwegian girl with whom she now conversed?

Margaret Franz was the pride of the village by that Fiord. She was the daughter of the farmer or landowner, who held all those lands stretching up from its boundaries to the mountain foot. Every one liked Margaret Franz. She was so good, and there was so much of that goodness shining out in her open features. And the young men liked her, she was so beautiful and so gay—so cheerful at their feasts, so free from guile; she sang so sweetly, she danced so well, and she was so kind to all. Alas, poor Fin!—and Olaf loved her warmly and wildly as ever man loved a woman; and Olaf had won return love. And ere the winter set in, Olaf and Margaret were to be wed together, and he was to live with her upon her father's land, and everything was settled and the day named; and Olaf had gone down to Drontheim, to lay in the necessary stores for a wedding, and a winter home in Norway.

All this, with the open frankness of her nature and her nation, Margaret Franz told to the poor Fin. She told it, partly because every one knew it, and partly because she thought that the grateful Laplander would be glad to hear that Olaf was about to be happy; she told it, because she felt proud to have a listener who knew that Olaf was good, and Olaf was brave; she told it, because her heart was full of joy, and she thought that every one must participate in that joy; and sure the outcast Fin, who owed her life to him, must rejoice in it too!

Now, for the first time, that poor Lapland girl felt the truth. She knew not till now she loved; but now!—she felt it in the envy of Margaret which sprang up in her bosom at that moment. She felt it in the hot tears which rolled down her cheek, as she stopped to pluck the flowers that lay at her feet, to hide her bitter secret. She felt it in the heart-breaking which made her wish she was beneath those waters again, and no Olaf near to rescue her. But to hear and suffer was the destiny of her race, and she knew it, and she must endure it. Still it came so suddenly upon her, though she knew she durst never hope that Norway Olaf would wed Lapland Una, she never thought of it at all till now; and now it was all, all upon her; now she understood herself—she knew it all. Slowly, as the tears dried off, she raised her head, and looking into the sunny and happy face before her, said—

"Ho! are you tribe near the Fiord?"—  
Have you any furs to sell?"

"None to sell," was the calm reply, distinctly spoken in passable Norse.

"Then what do you at the Fiord, and alone, unless you came to sell or buy? If on your way to the village, I will row you there in my boat."

The Laplander looked up, and the tears were in her eyes. In Norway there is a superstition against sitting with a Laplander, whose outcast tribe are at once despised as inferior, and dreaded as supernatural.—The Laplander knew and felt all this, and the unexpected and kindly offer touched upon her heart. She expressed her thankfulness, and shook her head as she looked up into the sunny face of her who, standing in her boat, looked down upon that poor Fin\* with an expression of touching, but warm sadness as though she grieved for the outcast fate of her race.

"I have nothing to sell," said the Fin, "and I want to buy nothing." Then, after a pause—"I have not been here for two years; my tribe has been up far north, and now, when on their way to Drontheim, I ventured to this Fiord with these gloves," said she, drawing them from her bosom, "which I have made for one to whom I owe the rescue of my life, even from the water, two years ago."

Please again sit up the young Norwegian's countenance, as she exclaimed—

"Oh, I know it, I know it all; you are the young Laplander, who fell from yonder rock, and whom noble Olaf plucked into his arms."

Wearily and passionately the young Fin exclaimed "I am, I am;" and her dark eyes lit up, and the flush of gratitude came in warm red blood upon her somber features.

Two years before, in clambering over these rocks her skin shoes had slipped upon a shelving bank, from whose edge she was precipitated into the waters beneath. Olaf, a bold young waterman, living near the Fiord, and who happened to have been then, from his boat, casting his fishing-net upon the waters, saw her fall, and with the instinctive courage of true manhood, aided by his skill in swimming, as a child of the water, he rescued her. In his boat she came to consciousness, as his manly form knelt over her, and from his corn-spirit flask he poured upon her temples and stimulant and restorative to his lips, the rude stimulant and restorative of his country. She recovered, with that intense sense of gratitude which such an event was sure to beget. She looked up into his open and gallant features, as though some genius of the spot, above the measure of humanity, had been her deliverer. And she, the poor Lapland girl, an outcast from Norwegian homes—one with whom the sons of old Norway would neither sit nor eat—was then tended by a Norseman, to whom she was debtor for her life. It has been somewhat beautifully said, "We plant a rose, and then we water it because we planted it." Olaf felt the influence of some such feeling; he would fain have carried home the gentle and subdued being he had rescued; but the superstitions of his country were strong upon him, and as soon as he felt she was sufficiently restored to leave his boat, he raised her in his arms, and laid her upon that very bank where she now sat. Thence he helped her along the rude footings of the rocky path, and as she indicated the direction of her tribe, he led her to the Fjelde, where her people, with their flocks and tents, had gathered. There, left in security, he parted from her, scarcely returning the warm and passionate hand-grasp she bestowed upon him, and kneeling at his feet, she prayed her earnestly honest thankfulness to him and "Nipen"† for her deliverance.

"Pray to Nipen," said he, "to guard me on the Fiord—tis all I ask."

And the poor Fin prayed, and warmly prayed.

They met to know each other no more; but his image, and the thought of him, and the warm prayer to Nipen for him, for her brief life, filled the heart and soul of that young Fin. She and her tribe passed far north; but wherever they struck their tents—wherever she led her aged sightless mother, victim of the Lapland blindness;‡ the cloaks and shawls of fur, the cloth, woven in domestic looms, and the various articles of furniture, and nearly all are gifts to the

loving Olaf and Margaret—the food from the hands of fair kinswomen—the clothes and furniture wrought by the skill of brother peasants and brother boatmen. How beautifully illustrative of the generous and simple habits of this natural people! And as the boats move onward for the Church, now the pandean-pipe pours out its music, and woman's voice goes with it, and then the drum pours out its louder joy, and presently the music ceases, and the rifles are discharged along the water, and the distant echoes reiterate their discharge, again and again. And these rough men, with their large slouched hats, and tightened jerkins, and long knives, stuck in at their waists, and reaching down to their large water boots, are all joyous, too, and they sing in loud and spirited chorus their national anthem of "For Norge;" and then, as its chorus dies upon the waters, the rifles are again discharged. There, too, is an old Norseman, whose age precludes his singing, but who is venerable in his knowledge of the historic records of his country—who, wending back to primitive times, can recount the Saga, \* which he now recites with the energy of younger days—the Saga of many a noble "sea-king" who carried war and conquest down into England, and off south—who gave Norway laws, and made her name ring, a ring of terror, upon southern ears. How interesting that national people regard his historic tales, and thank their aged historian when he ends! And then the flasks of corn-whisky, and the fiery potato-spirit, and the birch-tree wine, are handed round, and the toast of "Gamle Norge" \*\* is drunk with an enthusiasm becoming the sons of that mountain, snow-clad land. Oh, it is a happy scene!—and when a pause comes in their joyous music, the tinkling of bells can be heard upon these waters, from the village church, where the clergyman awaits their coming.

Nearer and nearer they make for that village; and already Margaret's boat, lightest made and lightest filled, strikes ahead of the others, and bids fair to win the race. And then the flasks of corn-whisky, and the fiery potato-spirit, and the birch-tree wine, are handed round, and the toast of "Gamle Norge" \*\* is drunk with an enthusiasm becoming the sons of that mountain, snow-clad land. Oh, it is a happy scene!—and when a pause comes in their joyous music, the tinkling of bells can be heard upon these waters, from the village church, where the clergyman awaits their coming.

Neater and nearer they make for that village; and already Margaret's boat, lightest made and lightest filled, strikes ahead of the others, and bids fair to win the race. And then the flasks of corn-whisky, and the fiery potato-spirit, and the birch-tree wine, are handed round, and the toast of "Gamle Norge" \*\* is drunk with an enthusiasm becoming the sons of that mountain, snow-clad land. Oh, it is a happy scene!—and when a pause comes in their joyous music, the tinkling of bells can be heard upon these